MENAECMI.

18.

¶ A pleaſant and fine Conceited Comædie, taken out of the moſt excellent wittie Poet *Plautus*:

Choſen purpoſely from out the reſt, as leaſt harmefull, and yet moſt delightfull.

Written in Engliſh, by *VV. VV.*

LONDON
Printed by Tho. Creede,
and are to be ſold by William Barley, at his ſhop in Gratious ſtreete.
1595.

The Printer to the Readers.

THe writer hereof (louing Readers) hauing diuerse of this Poettes Comedies Englished, for the vse and delight of his priuate friends, who in Plautus *owne words are not able to vnderstand them: I haue preuailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad, for a publike recreation and delight to all those, that affect the diuerse sorts of bookes compiled in this kind, wherof (in my iudgement) in harmelesse mirth and quickneesse of fine conceit, the most of them come far short of this. And although I found him very loath and vnwilling to hazard this to the curious view of enuious detraction, (being as he tels mee) neither so exactly written, as it may carry any name of a Translation, nor such libertie therin vsed, as that he would notoriously varie from the Poets owne order: yet sith it is onely a matter of meriment, and the litle alteration therof, can breede no detriment of importance, I haue ouer-rulde him so farre, as to let this be offred to your curteous acceptance, and if you shall applaude his litle labour heerein, I doubt not but he will endeuour to gratifie you with some of the rest better laboured, and more curiously pollished.*

Farewell.

* Where you finde this marke, the Poets conceit is somewhat altred, by occasion either of the time, the country, or the phrase.

The Argument.

* TWo Twinborne ſonnes, a Sicill *marchant had,*
Menechmus *one, and* Soſicles *the other:*
The firſt his Father loſt a litle Lad,
The Grandſire namde the latter like his brother.
This (growne a man) long trauell tooke to ſeeke,
His Brother, and to Epidamnum *came,*
Where th'other dwelt inricht, and him ſo like,
That Citizens there take him for the ſame:
Father, wife, neighbours, each miſtaking either,
Much pleaſant error, ere they meete togither.

A PLEASANT AND FINE CONceited Comædie called *Menechmus*, taken out of *the most excellent Poet* Plautus.

Act. 1. Scene. 1.

Enter Peniculus *a Parasite.*

Eniculus was giuen mee for my name when I was yong, bicause like a broome I swept all cleane away, where so ere I become: Namely all the victels which are set before mee. Now in my iudgement, men that clap iron bolts on such captiues as they would keepe safe, and tie those seruants in chaines, who they thinke will run away, they commit an exceeding great folly: my reason is, these poore wretches enduring one miserie vpon an other, neuer cease deuising how by wrenching asunder their giues, or by some subtiltie or other they may escape such cursed bands. If then ye would keep a man without all suspition of running away from ye, the surest way is to tie him with meate, drinke, and ease: Let him euer be idle, eate his belly full, and carouse while his skin will hold, and he shall neuer I warrant ye, stir a foote. These strings to tie one by the teeth, passe all the bands of iron, steele, or what mettall so euer, for the more slack and easie ye make them, the faster still they tie the partie which is in them. I speake this vpon experience of my selfe, who am now going for *Menechmus*, there willingly to be tied to his good cheare: he is commonly so exceeding bountifull and liberall in his fare, as no marueyle though such guestes as my selfe be drawne to his Table, and tyed there in his dishes.

Now

Now because I haue lately bene a straunger there, I meane to visite him at dinner: for my stomacke mee-thinkes euen thrusts me into the fetters of his daintie fare. But yonder I his doore open, and himselfe readie to come foorth.

Scene. 2.

Enter Menechmus talking backe to his wife within.

IF ye were not such a brabling foole and mad-braine scold as yee are, yee would neuer thus crosse your husbande in all actions. Tis no matter, let her serue me thus once more, Ile send her home to her dad with a vengeance. I can neuer go foorth a doores, but shee asketh mee whither I go? what I do? what busines? what I fetch? what I carry? *As though she were a Constable, or a tollgatherer. I haue pamperd her too much: she hath seruants about her, wooll, flax, and all things necessary to busie her withall, yet she watcheth & wondreth whither I go. Well sith it is so, she shall now haue some cause, I meane to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine.

Pen. Yea mary now comes hee to the point that prickes me: this last speech gaules mee as much as it would doo his wife; If he dine not at home, I am drest.

Men. We that haue Loues abroad, and wiues at home, are miserably hampred, yet would euery man could tame his shrewe as well as I doo mine. I haue now filcht away a fine ryding cloake of my wiues, which I meane to bestow vpon one that I loue better. Nay, if she be so warie and watchfull ouer me, I count it an almes deed to deceiue her.

Pen. Come, what share haue I in that same?

Men. Out alas, I am taken.

Pen.

Pen. True, but by your friend.

Men. What, mine owne *Peniculus*?

Pen. Yours (ifaith) bodie and goods if I had any.

Men. Why thou hast a bodie.

Pen. Yea, but neither goods nor good bodie.

Men. Thou couldst neuer come fitter in all thy life.

Pen. Tush, I euer do so to my friends, I know how to come alwaies in the nicke. Where dine ye to day?

Men. Ile tell thee of a notable pranke.

Pen. What did the Cooke marre your meate in the dressing? Would I might see the reuersion.

Men. Tell me didst thou see a picture, how *Iupiters* Eagle snatcht away *Ganimede*, or how *Venus* stole away *Adonis*.

Pen. Often, but what care I for shadowes, I want substance.

Men. Looke thee here, looke not I like such a picture?

Pen. O ho, what cloake haue ye got here?

Men. Prethee say I am now a braue fellow.

Pen. But hearke ye, where shall we dine?

Men. Tush, say as I bid thee man.

Pen. Out of doubt ye are a fine man.

Men. What? canst adde nothing of thine owne?

Pen. Ye are a most pleasant Gentleman.

Men. On yet.

Pen. Nay not a word more, vnlesse ye tell mee how you and your wife be fallen out.

Men. Nay I haue a greater secret then that to impart to thee.

Pen. Say your minde.

Men. Come farther this way from my house.

Pen. So, let me heare.

Men. Nay farther yet.

Pen. I warrant ye man.

* *Men.* Nay yet farther.

Pen. Tis pittie ye were not made a water-man to row in a wherry.

Men. Why?

Pen. Becauſe ye go one way, and looke an other, ſtill leaſt your wife ſhould follow ye. But what's the matter, Iſt not almoſt dinner time?

Men. Seeſt thou this cloake?

Pen. Not yet. Well what of it?

Men. This ſame I meane to giue to *Erotium*.

Pen. That's well, but what of all this?

Men. There I meane to haue a delicious dinner prepard for her and me.

Pen. And me?

Men. And thee.

Pen. O ſweet word. What, ſhall I knock preſently at her doore?

Men. I knocke. But ſtaie too *Peniculus*, let's not be too raſh. Oh ſee ſhee is in good time comming forth.

Pen. Ah, he now lookes againſt the Sun, how her beames dazell his eyes.

Enter *Erotium*.

Eroti. What mine owne *Menechmus*, welcome ſweete heart.

Pen. And what am I, welcome too?

Erot. You ſir? ye are out of the number of my welcome gueſts.

* *Pen.* I am like a voluntary ſouldier, out of paie.

Men. *Erotium*, I haue determined that here ſhal be pitcht a field this day; we meane to drinke for the heauens: And which of vs performes the braueſt ſeruice at his weopon the wine boll, your ſelfe as Captaine ſhall paie him his wages according to his deſerts.

Erot. Agreed.

Pen. I would we had the weapons, for my valour pricks me to the battaile.

Men. Shall I tell thee ſweete mouſe? I neuer looke vpon thee, but I am quite out of loue with my wife.

Eroti. Yet yee cannot chuſe, but yee muſt ſtill weare

ſomething

ſomething of hers: whats this ſame?

Men. This? ſuch a ſpoyle (ſweete heart) as I tooke from her to put on thee.

Ero. Mine owne *Menechmus*, well woorthie to bee my deare, of all deareſt.

Pen. Now ſhe ſhowes her ſelfe in her likeneſſe, when ſhee findes him in the giuing vaine, ſhe drawes cloſe to him.

Men. I thinke *Hercules* got not the garter from *Hypolita* ſo hardly, as I got this from my wife. Take this, and with the ſame, take my heart.

Pen. Thus they muſt do that are right Louers: eſpecially if they meane to beggers with any ſpeed.

Men. I bought this ſame of late for my wife, it ſtood mee (I thinke) in ſome ten pound

Penicu. There's tenne pounde beſtowed verie thriftily.

Menechmus. But knowe yee what I woulde haue yee doo?

Erotium. It ſhall bee done, your dinner ſhall be readie.

* *Men.* Let a good dinner be made for vs three. Harke ye, ſome oyſters, a mary-bone pie or two, ſome artichockes, and potato rootes, let our other diſhes be as you pleaſe.

Erot. You ſhall ſir.

Men. I haue a litle buſineſſe in this Cittie, by that time dinner will be prepared. Farewell till then, ſweete *Erotium*: Come *Peniculus*.

Pen. Nay I meane to follow yee: I will ſooner leeſe my life, then ſight of you till this dinner be done.

Exeunt.

Erotium. Who's there? Call mee *Cylindrus* the Cooke hither.

Enter *Cylindrus*.

Cylindrus, take the Hand-basket, and heere, there's

ten shillings is there not?

Cyl. Tis so mistresse.

Erot. Buy mee of all the daintiest meates ye can get, ye know what I meane: so as three may dine passing well, and yet no more then inough.

Cyl. What guests haue ye to day mistresse?

Erot. Here will be *Menechmus* and his Parasite, and my selfe.

Cyl. That's ten persons in all.

Erot. How many?

Cyl. Ten, for I warrant you, that Parasite may stand for eight at his vittels.

Erot. Go dispatch as I bid you, and looke ye returne with all speed.

Cyl. I will haue all readie with a trice.

Exeunt.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Enter *Menechmus, Soscles. Messenio* his seruant, and some Saylers.

Men. Surely *Messenio*, I thinke Sea-fairers neuer take so comfortable a ioy in any thing, as when they haue bene long toss and turmoylde in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

Mess. Ile be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see a whole Country of mine owne, then I haue bene at such a sight. But I pray, wherfore are we now come to *Epidamnum*? must we needs go to see euerie Towne that we heare off?

Menech. Till I finde my brother, all Townes are alike to me: I must trie in all places.

Mess. Why then let's euen as long as wee liue seeke your brother: six yeares now haue we roamde about thus, *Istria*, *Hispania*, *Massylia*, *Ilyria*, all the vpper sea, all high *Greece*, all Hauen Towns in *Italy*, I think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must needs haue found it, had it bene aboue ground. It cannot be that he is aliue, and to seek a dead man

thus

thus among the liuing, what folly is it?

Men. Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly enforme me of his death, I were satisfied; otherwise I can neuer desist seeking: Litle knoweſt thou *Meſſenio* how neare my heart it goes.

Meſſ. This is waſhing of a Blackamore. Faith let's goe home, vnleſſe ye meane we ſhould write a ſtorie of our trauaile.

Men. Sirra, no more of theſe ſawcie ſpeeches, I perceiue I muſt teach ye how to ſerue me, not to rule me.

Meſſ. I, ſo, now it appeares what it is to be a ſeruant. Wel yet I muſt ſpeake my conſcience. Do ye heare ſir? Faith I muſt tell ye one thing, when I looke into the leane eſtate of your purſe, and conſider aduiſedly of your decaying ſtocke, I hold it verie needfull to be drawing homeward, leſt in looking your brother, we quite loſe our ſelues. For this aſſure your ſelfe, this Towne *Epidamnum*, is a place of outragious expences, exceeding in all ryot and laſciuiouſneſſe: and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Paraſites, Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold: then for Curtizans, why here's the curranteſt ſtamp of them in the world. Ye muſt not thinke here to ſcape with as light coſt as in other places. The verie name ſhews the nature, no man comes hither *ſine damno*.

Men. Yee ſay very well indeed: giue mee my purſe into mine owne keeping, becauſe I will ſo be the ſafer, *ſine damno*.

Meſſ. Why ſir?

Men. Becauſe I feare you'wil be buſie among the the Curtizans, & ſo be coſened of it: then ſhould I take great paines in belabouring your ſhoulders, ſo to auoid both theſe harms, Ile keep it my ſelfe.

Meſſ. I pray do ſo ſir, all the better.

Enter *Cylindrus*.

* I haue tickling geare here yfaith for their dinners: It grieues me to the heart to think how that cormorant knaue *Peniculus* muſt haue his ſhare in theſe daintie morſels. But

what? Is *Menechmus* come alreadie, before I could come from the Market? *Menechmus* how do ye sir? how haps it ye come so soone?

Menech. God a mercy my good friend, doest thou know mee?

Cyl. Know ye? no not I. Where's mouldichappes that must dine with ye? A murrin on his manners.

Men. Whom meanest thou good fellow?

Cyl. Why *Peniculus* worship, that whorson lick-trencher, your Parasiticall attendant.

Men. What *Peniculus*? what attendant? My Attendant? Surely this fellow is mad.

Mess. Did not I tell ye what cony-catching villaines yee should finde here?

Cyl *Menechmus*, harke ye sir, ye come too soone backe again to dinner, I am but returned from the Market.

Men. Fellow, here thou shalt haue money of me, goe get the priest to sacrifice for thee. I know thou art mad, els thou wouldst neuer vse a straunger thus?

Cyl. Alas sir, *Cylindrus* was wont to be no stranger to you, know ye not *Cylindrus*?

Men. *Cylindrus*, or *Coliendrus*, or what the diuell thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know.

Cyl. I know you to be *Menechmus*.

Men. Thou shouldst be in thy wits, in that thou namest me so right, but tell me, where hast thou knowne me?

Cyl. Where? euen heere; where ye first fell in loue with my mistresse *Erotium*.

Men. I neither haue Louer, neither knowe I who thou art.

Cyl. Know ye not who I am? who fils your cup & dresses your meate at our house?

Mess. What a slaue is this? that I had somewhat to breake the Rascals pate withall.

Men. At your house, when as I neuer came in *Epidamnum* till this day.

Cyl.

Cyl. Oh thats true. Do ye not dwell in yonder houſe?

Men. Foule ſhame light vpon them that dwell there, for my part.

Cyl. Queſtionleſſe, hee is mad indeede, to curſe himſelfe thus. Harke ye *Menechmus*.

Men. What ſaiſt thou?

Cyl. If I may aduiſe ye, ye ſhall beſtow this money which ye offred me, vpon a ſacrifice for your ſelfe: for out of doubt you are mad that curſe your ſelfe.

Meſſ. What a verlet art thou to trouble vs thus?

Cyl. Tuſh he wil many times ieſt with me thus. Yet when his wife is not by, tis a ridiculous ieſt.

Men. VVhats that?

Cyl. This I ſay, Thinke ye I haue brought meate inough for three of you? If not, ile fetche more for you and your wench, and ſnatchcruſt your Paraſite.

Men. VVhat wenches? what Paraſites?

Meſſ. Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meaneſt by all this talke?

Cyl. Away Iack Napes, I ſay nothing to thee, for I know thee not, I ſpeake to him that I know.

Men. Out drunken foole, without doubt thou art out of thy wits.

Cyl. That you ſhall ſee by the dreſſing of your meat. Go, go, ye were better to go in and finde ſomewhat to do there, whiles your dinner is making readie. Ile tell my miſtreſſe ye be here.

Men. Is he gone? *Meſſenio* I thinke vppon thy words al readie.

Meſſ. Tuſh marke I pray, Ile laie fortie pound here dwels ſome Curtizan to whom this fellow belong.

Men. But *I* wonder how he knowes my name.

Meſſ. Oh ile tell yee. Theſe Courtizans aſſoone as anie ſtraunge ſhippe arriueth at the Hauen, they ſende a boye or a wench to enquire what they be, what their names be, e they come, wherefore they come, &c. If they can by any

any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to their houses, he is their owne. We are here in a tickle place maister, tis best to be circumspect.

Men. I mislike not thy counsaile *Messenio.*

Mess. I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes somebodie forth. Here sirs, Marriners, keep this same amongst you.

Enter *Erotium.*

Let the doore stand so, away, it shall not be shut. Make hast within there ho: maydes looke that all things be readie. Couer the boord, put fire vnder the perfuming pannes, let all things be very handsome. Where is hee, that *Cylindrus* sayd stood without here? Oh, what meane you sweet heart, that ye come not in? I trust you thinke your selfe more welcome to this house then to your owne, and great reason why you should do so. Your dinner & all things are readie as you willed. Will ye go sit downe?

Men. Whom doth this woman speake to?

Ero. Euen to you sir, to whom else should I speake?

Men. Gentlewoman ye are a straunger to me, and I maruell at your speeches.

Ero. Yea sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge ye for my best and deerest friend, and well you haue deserued it.

Men. Surely *Messenio*, this woman is also mad or drunke, that vseth all this kindnesse to mee vppon so small acquaintance.

Mess. Tush, did not I tell ye right? these be but leaues which fall vpon you now, in comparison of the trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly. I tolde ye, here were siluer tong'de hacsters. But let me talke with her a litle. Gentlewoman what acquaintance haue you with this man? where haue you seene him?

Ero. Where he sawe me, here in *Epidamnum.*

Mess. In *Epidamnum*? who neuer till this day set his foote within the Towne.

Ero. Go, go, flowting Iack. *Menechmus* what need al this? I pray go in.

Men.

Men. She alſo calls me by my name.

Meſſ. She ſmels your purſe.

Men. *Meſſenio* come hither, here take my purſe. Ile know whether ſhe aime at me or my purſe, ere I go.

Erot. Will ye go in, to dinner ſir?

Men. A good motion, yea and thanks with all my heart.

Erot. Neuer thanke me for that which you commaunded to be prouided for your ſelfe.

Men. That I commaunded?

Erot. Yea, for you and your Paraſite.

Men. My Paraſite?

Erot. *Peniculus*, who came with you this morning when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife.

Men. A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my wife?

Erot. Tuſh what needeth all this ieſting? Pray leaue off.

Men. Ieſt or earneſt, this I tell ye for a truth. I neuer had wife, neither haue I, nor neuer was in this place till this inſtant: for only thus farre am I come, ſince I brake my faſt in the ſhip.

Erot. What ſhip do ye tell me off?

* *Meſſ.* Marry ile tell ye, an old rotten weather-beaten ſhip, that we haue ſaild vp and downe in this ſixe yeares, Iſt not time to be going homewards thinke ye?

Erot. Come, come, *Menechmus*, I pray leaue this ſporting and go in.

Men. Well Gentlewoman, the truth is, you miſtake my perſon, it is ſome other that you looke for.

Erot. Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be *Menechmus*, the ſonne of *Moſchus*, and haue heard ye ſay, ye were borne at *Syracuſis*, where *Agathocles* did raigne, then *Pythia*, then *Liparo*, and now *Hiero*.

Men. All this is true.

Meſſ. Either ſhee is a witch, or elſe ſhee hath dwelt there and knew ye there. (matter.

Men. Ile goe in with her *Meſſenio*, Ile ſee further of this

Mess. Ye are cast away then.

Men. Why so? I warrant thee. I can loose nothing, somwhat I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode heere. Ile dissemble with her an other while. Nowe when you please let vs go in, I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gaue you.

Ero. Will ye staie any longer for your *Penículus* your Parasite?

Men. Not I, Ile neither staie for him, nor haue him let come in, if he do come.

Erot. All the better. But sir, will yee doo one thing for me.

Men. What is that?

Ero. To beare that cloake which you gaue me, to the Diars, to haue it new trimd and altred.

Men. Yea that will be well, so my wife shall not know it. Let mee haue it with mee after dinner. I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe, then ile follow yee in. Ho *Messenio* come aside: goe and prouide for thy selfe, and these shipboyes in some Inne, then looke that after dinner you come hither for me.

Messenio. Ah maister will yee be conycatcht thus wilfully.

Men. Peace foolish knaue, seest thou not what a sot she is, I shall coozen her I warrant thee.

Mess. Ay maister.

Men. Wilt thou be gone?

* *Mess.* See, see, she hath him safe inough now. Thus he hath escaped a hundreth Pyrates hands at sea: and now one land-rouer hath bourded him at first encounter. Come away fellowes.

Act. 3.

Enter *Peniculus.*

* TWentie yeares I thinke and more, haue I playde the knaue, yet neuer playd I the fooliſh knaue as I haue done this morning. I follow *Menechmus*, and he goes to the Hall where now the Seſſions are holden: there thruſting our ſelues into the preaſe of people, when I was in midſt of all the throng, he gaue me the ſlip, that I could neuer more ſet eye on him, and I dare ſweare, came directly to dinner. That I would he that firſt deuiſed theſe Seſſions were hang'd, and all that euer came of him: tis ſuch a hinderance to men that haue belly buſineſſes in hand. If a man be not there at his call, they amearce him with a vengeance. Men that haue nothing elſe to do, that do neither bid anie man, nor are themſelues bidden to dinner, ſuch ſhould come to Seſſions, not we that haue theſe matters to looke too. If it were ſo, I had not thus loſt my dinner this day: which I think in my conſcience he did euen purpoſely couzen me off. Yet I meane to go ſee: if I can but light vppon the reuerſion, I may perhaps get my peny-worthes. But how now? is this *Menechmus* comming away from thence? dinner done, and all diſpacht? what execrable lucke haue I?

Enter *Menechmus* the trauailer.

Tuſh I warrant ye, it ſhall be done as ye would wiſh, Ile haue it ſo altered and trimd anew, that it ſhall by no meanes be knowne againe.

Pen. He carries the cloake to the Dyars, dinner done, the wine drunke vp, the Paraſite ſhut out of doores. Well, let me liue no longer, but ile reuenge this iniurious mockerie. But firſt ile harken awhile what he ſaith.

Men. Good goddes, who euer had ſuch lucke as I? Such cheare, ſuch a dinner, ſuch kinde entertainment: And for a farewell, this cloake which I meane ſhall go with me.

Pen. He speakes so softly, I cannot heare what hee saith, I am sure he is now howting at me for the losse of my dinner

Men. She tels me how I gaue it her, and stole it from my wife. When I perceiued she was in an error, though I knew not how, I began to sooth her, and to say euery thing as she said. Meane while I far'd well, and that a free cost.

Pen. Well, I'le go talke with him.

Men. Who is this same that comes to me?

Pen. O well met fickle-braine, false and treacherous dealer, craftie and vniust promise breaker. How haue I deserued, you should so giue me the slip, come before and dispatch the dinner, deale so badly with him that hath reuerenst ye like a sonne.

Men. Good fellow what meanest thou by these speeches? Raile not on mee, vnlesse thou intendst to receiue a Railers hire.

Pen. I haue receiued the iniury (sure I am) alreadie.

Men. Prethee tell me, what is thy name?

Pen. Well, well, mock on sir, mock on, doo ye not know my name?

Men. In troth I neuer sawe thee in all my life, much lesse do I know thee.

Pen. Fie, Awake *Menechmus* awake, ye ouersleepe your selfe.

Men. I am awake, I know what I say.

Pen. Know you not *Peniculus*?

Men. *Peniculus*, or *Pediculus*, I know thee not.

Pen. Did ye filch a cloake from your wife this morning, and bring it hither to *Erotium*?

Men. Neither haue I wife, neither gaue I any cloake to *Erotium*, neither filcht I any from any bodie.

Pen. Will ye denie that which you did in my company?

Pen. Wilt thou say I haue done this in thy company?

Pen. VVilt I say it? yea I will stand to it.

Men. Away filthie mad driuell away, I will talke no lon-

ger

ger with thee.

Pen. Not a world of men ſhall ſtaie me, but ile go tell his wife of all the whole matter, ſith he is at this point with me. I will make this ſame as vnbleſt a dinner as euer he eate.

Men. It makes mee wonder, to ſee how euery one that meetes me cauils thus with me. VVherefore comes foorth the mayd now?

Enter *Ancilla*, *Erotiums* mayd.

Menechmus, my miſtreſſe commends her hartily to you, and ſeeing you goe that way to the Dyars, ſhee alſo deſireth you to take this Chaine with you, and put it to mending at the Goldſmythes, ſhee would haue two or three ounces of gold more in it, and the faſhion amended.

Men. Either this or any thing elſe within my power, tell her, I am readie to accompliſh.

Anc. Do ye know this Chaine ſir?

Men. Yea I know it to be gold.

Anc. This is the ſame you once tooke out of your wiues Casket.

Men. VVho, did I?

Anc. Haue you forgotten?

Men. I neuer did it.

Anc. Giue it me againe then.

Men. Tarry, yes I remember it: tis it I gaue your miſtres.

Anc. Oh, are ye aduiſed?

Men. VVhere are the bracelets that I gaue her likewiſe?

Anc. I neuer knew of anie.

Men. Faith, when *I* gaue this, I gaue them too.

Anc. VVell ſir, ile tell her this ſhall be done?

Men. I, I, tell her ſo, ſhee ſhall haue the cloake and this both togither.

Anc. I pray *Menechmus*, put a litle iewell for my eare to making for me, ye know *I* am alwaies readie to pleaſure you.

Men. *I* will, giue mee the golde, ile paie for the worke-manſhip.

Anc. Laie out for me, ile paie it ye againe.

Men. Alas I haue none now.

Anc. When you haue, will ye?

Men. I will. Goe bid your mistresse make no doubt of these, I warrant her, ile make the best hand I can of them. Is she gone? Doo not all the gods conspire to loade mee with good lucke? well I see tis high time to get mee out of these coasts, least all these matters should be lewd deuises to draw me into some snare. There shall my garland lie, because if they seeke me, they may thinke I am gone that way. * *I* wil now goe see if *I* can finde my man *Messenio*, that *I* may tell him how *I* haue sped.

Act. 4.

Enter *Mulier*, the wife of *Menechmus* the Citizen, and *Peniculus*.

Mulier. Thinkes he *I* will be made such a sot, and to be still his drudge, while he prowles and purloynes all that *I* haue to giue his Trulles?

Pen. Nay hold your peace, wee'll catch him in the nicke. This way he came, in his garland forsooth, bearing the cloak to the Dyars. And see *I* pray where the garland lyes, this way he is gone. See, see, where he comes againe now without the cloake.

Mul. What shall *I* now do?

Pen. What? that which ye euer do, bayt him for life.

Mul. Surely *I* thinke it best so.

Pen. Stay, wee will stand a side a little, ye shall catch him vnawares.

Enter *Menechmus* the Citizen.

Men. It would make a man at his wittes end, to see how brabbling causes are handled yonder at the Court. If a poore man neuer so honest, haue a matter come to be scand, there is hee outfaste, and ouerlaide with countenance: If a

rich

rich man neuer ſo vile a wretch come to ſpeake, there they are all readie to fauour his cauſe. VVhat with facing out bad cauſes for the oppreſſors, and patronizing ſome iuſt actions for the wronged, the Lawyers they pocket vp all the gaines. For mine own part, *I* come not away emptie, though *I* haue bene kept long againſt my will: For taking in hand to diſpatch a matter this morning for one of my acquaintaunce, *I* was no ſooner entered into it, but his aduerſaries laide ſo hard vnto his charge, and brought ſuch matter againſt him, that do what *I* could, *I* could not winde my ſelfe out til now. *I* am ſore afrayd *Erotium* thinks much vnkindnes in me that *I* ſtaid ſo long, yet ſhe will not be angry conſidering the gift *I* gaue her to day.

Pen. How thinke ye by that?

Mul. *I* thinke him a moſt vile wretch thus to abuſe me.

Men. *I* will hie me thither.

Mul. Yea go pilferet, goe with ſhame inough, no bodie ſees your lewd dealings and vile theeuery.

Men. How now wife, what aile yee? what is the matter?

Mulier. Aske yee mee whats the matter? Fye vppon thee.

Pen. Are ye not in a fit of an ague, your pulſes beate ſo ſore? to him *I* ſay.

Men. Pray wife, why are ye ſo angry with me?

Mul. Oh you know not?.

Pen. He knowes, but he would diſſemble it.

Men. What is it?

Mul. My cloake.

Men. Your cloake.

Mul. My cloake man, why do ye bluſh?

Pen. He cannot cloake his bluſhing. Nay I might not go to dinner with you, do ye remember? to him I ſay.

Men. Hold thy peace *Peniculus*.

Pen. Ha hold my peace, looke ye, he beckons on mee to hold my peace.

Men.

Men. I neither becken nor winke on him.

Mul. Out,out,what a wretched life is this that I liue.

Men. Why what aile ye woman?

Mul. Are ye not ashamed to deny so confidently, that which is apparant.

Men. I protest vnto you before all the goddes (is not this inough) that I beckond not on him.

Pen. Oh sir, this is an other matter, touch him in the former cause.

Men. What former cause?

Pen. The cloake man, the cloake, fetch the cloake againe from the Dyars.

Men. What cloake?

Mul. Nay ile say no more, sith ye know nothing of your owne doings.

Men. Tell me wife,hath any of your seruants abused you? Let me know.

Mul. Tush,tush.

Men. I would not haue you to be thus disquietted.

Mul. Tush,tush.

Men. You are fallen out with some of your ftiends.

Mul. Tush,tush.

Men. Sure I am,I haue not offended you.

Mul. No, you haue dealt verie honestly.

Men. Indeed wife, I haue deserued none of these words, tell me,are ye not well?

Pen. What shall he flatter ye now?

Men. I speak not to thee knaue. Good wife come hither.

Mul. Away,away,keep your hands off.

Pen. So,bid me to dinner with you againe,then slip away from me, when you haue done, come forth brauely in your garland to flout me: Alas you knew not me,euen now.

Men. Why Asse, I neither haue yet dined, nor came I there,since we were there togither.

Pen. VVho euer heard one so impudent? Did yee not meete me here euen now,and would make me beleeue I was mad,

mad,and ſaid ye were a ſtraunger,and ye knew me not?

Men. Of a truth ſince wee went togither to the Seſſions Hall, I neuer returned till this very inſtant, as you two met me.

Pen. Go too,go too,I know ye well inough.Did ye think I would not cry quittance with you, yes faith, I haue tolde your wife all.

Men. What haſt thou told her?

Pen. I cannot tell,aske her.

Men. Tell me wife, what hath he told ye of me? Tell me I ſay,what was it?

Mul. As though you knew not, my cloake is ſtolne from me.

Men. *Is* your cloake ſtolne from ye?

Mul. Do ye aske me?

Men. If *I* knew,I would not aske.

Pen. O craftie companion, how he would ſhift the matter, Come,come,deny it not, I tell ye,I haue bewrayd all.

Men. What haſt thou bewrayd?

Mul. Seeing ye will yeeld to nothing be it neuer ſo manifeſt, Heare mee, and ye ſhall know in fewe words both the cauſe of my griefe,and what he hath told me.I ſay my cloake is ſtolne from me.

Men. My cloake is ſtolne from me?

Pen. Looke how he cauils,ſhe ſaith it is ſtolne from her.

Men. I haue nothing to ſay to thee: I ſay wife tell me.

Mul. I tell ye,my cloake is ſtolne out of my houſe.

Men. Who ſtole it?

Mul. He knowes beſt that carried it away.

Men. Who was that?

Mul. *Menechmus.*

Men. T'was very ill done of him. What *Menechmus* was that?

Mul. You.

Men. I, who will ſay ſo?

Mul. I will.

Pen. And I: and that you gaue it to *Erotium.*

Men. I gaue it?

Mul. You.

Pen. You, you, you, shall we fetch a kennell of Beagles that may cry nothing but you, you, you, you. For we are weatie of it.

Men. Heare me one word wife, I protest vnto you by all the gods, *I* gaue it her not, indeed I lent it her to vse a while.

Mul. Faith sir, *I* neuer giue nor lend your apparell out of doores, mee thinkes ye might let mee dispose of mine owne garments, as you do of yours. *I* pray then fetch it mee home againe.

Men. You shall haue it againe without faile.

Mul. Tis best for you that *I* haue: otherwise thinke not to roost within these doores againe.

Pen. Harke ye, what say ye to me now, for bringing these matters to your knowledge?

Mul. *I* say, when thou hast anie thing stolne from thee, come to me, and I will helpe thee to seeke it. And so farewell.

Pen. God a mercy for nothing, that can neuer be, for *I* haue nothing in the world worth the stealing. So now with husband and wife and all, *I* am cleane out of fauour. A mischiefe on ye all.

Exit.

Men. My wife thinks she is notably reueng'd on me, now she shuttes mee out of doores, as though I had not a better place to be welcome too. If she shut me out, I know who wil shut me in. Now will I entreate *Erotium* to let me haue the cloake againe to stop my wiues mouth withall, and then will *I* prouide a better for her. Ho who is within there? somebodie tell *Erotium* I must speake with her.

Enter *Erotium.*

Erot. Who calls?

Men. Your friend, more then his owne.

Erot.

Erot. O *Menechmus*, why ſtand ye here? pray come it.

Men. Tarry, I muſt ſpeake with ye here.

Ero. Say your minde.

Men. Wot ye what? my wife knowes all the matter now, and my comming is, to requeſt you, that I may haue againe the cloake which I brought you, that ſo *I* may appeaſe her: and I promiſe you, ile giue ye an other worth two of it.

Erot. Why *I* gaue it you to carry to your Dyars, and my chaine likewiſe, to haue it altered.

Men. Gaue mee the cloake and your chaine? In truth I neuer ſawe ye ſince I left it heere with you, and ſo went to the Seſſions, from whence I am but now returned.

Erot. Ah then ſir, I ſee you wrought a deuice to defraude mee of them both, did *I* therefore put yee in truſt? Well, well.

Men. To defraud ye? No, but *I* ſay, my wife hath intelligence of the matter.

Erot. Why ſir, *I* asked them not, ye brought them me of your owne free motion. Now ye require them againe, take them, make ſops of them: you and your wife togither, think ye I eſteeme them or you either. Goe, come to mee againe when I ſend for you.

Men. What ſo angry with mee, ſweete *Erotium*? Staie, I pray ſtaie.

* *Erot.* Staie? Faith ſir no: thinke ye I will ſtaie at your requeſt?

Men. What gone in chafing, and clapt to the doores? now I am euerie way ſhut out for a very benchwhiſtler: neither ſhall I haue entertainment heere nor at home. I were beſt go trie ſome other friends, and aske counſaile what to do.

Act. 5.

Enter *Menechmus* the Traueller, *Mulier*.

MOst foolishly was I ouerseene in giuing my purse and money to *Messenio*, whom I can no where find, I feare he is fallen into some lewd companie.

Mul. I maruaile that my husband comes not yet, but see where he is now, and brings my cloake with him.

Men. I muse where the knaue should be.

Mul. I will go ring a peale through both his eares for this his dishoneſt behauiour. Oh sir, ye are welcome home with your theeuery on your shoulders, are ye not ashamde to let all the world see and speake of your lewdnesse?

Men. How now? what lackes this woman?

Mul. Impudent beast, stand ye to question about it? For shame hold thy peace.

Men. What offence haue I done woman, that I should not speake to you?

Mulier. Askest thou what offence? O shameleſse boldnesse.

Men. Good woman, did ye neuer heare why the Grecians termed *Hecuba* to be a bitch?

Mul. Neuer.

Men. Because she did as you do now, on whom soeuer she met withall, she railed, and therfore well deserued that dogged name.

Mul. These foule abuses and contumelies, I can neuer endure, nay rather will I liue a widowes life to my dying day.

Men. What care I whether thou liuest as a widow or as a wife. This passeth, that I meet with none but thus they vexe me with straunge speeches.

Mul. What straunge speeches? I say I will surely liue a widowes life, rather then suffer thy vile dealings.

Men. Prethee for my part, liue a widow till the worldes end, if thou wilt.

Mulier. Euen now thou deniedst that thou stolest it from me,

me,and now thou bringeſt it home openly in my ſight. Art not aſhamde?

Men. Woman, youare greatly to blame to charge mee with ſtealing of this cloake,which this day an other gaue me to carry to be trimde.

Mul. Well, I will firſt complaine to my father. Ho boy, who is within there? *Vecio* go runne quickly to my father, deſire him of all loue to come ouer quickly to my houſe. Ile tell him firſt of your prankes, I hope he will not ſee me thus handled.

Men. What a Gods name meaneth this mad woman thus to vexe me?

Mul. I am mad becauſe I tell ye of your vile actions, and lewde pilfring away my apparell and my Iewels, to carry to your filthie drabbes.

Men. For whome this woman taketh mee I knowe not, *I* know her as much as I know *Hercules* wiues father.

Mul. Do ye not know me? That's well,I hope ye know my father, here he comes,looke,do ye know him?

Men. As much as I knew *Calcas* of *Troy*. Euen him and thee I know both alike.

Mul. Doeſt know neither of vs both, me nor my father?

Men. Faith nor thy grandfather neither.

Mul. This is like the reſt of your behauiour.

Enter *Senex*.

* Though bearing ſo great a burthen, as olde age, I can make no great haſte, yet as I can, I will goe to my daughter, who I know hath ſome earneſt buſineſſe with me, that ſhee ſends in ſuch haſte, not telling the cauſe why I ſhould come. But I durſt laie a wager,I can geſſe neare the matter: I ſuppoſe it is ſome brabble between her husband and her. Theſe yoong women that bring great dowries to their husbands, are ſo maſterfull and obſtinate,that they will haue their own wils in euerie thing, and make men ſeruants to their weake affections. And yoong men too, *I* muſt needs ſay,be naught nowadayes. Well ile go ſee,but yonder mee thinks ſtands

my daughter, and her husband too. Oh tis euen as I gesſed.

Mulier. Father ye are welcome.

Sen. How now daughter? What? is all well? why is your husband ſo ſad? haue ye bin chiding? tell me, vvhich of you is in the fault?

Mul. Firſt father know, that I haue not any way misbehaued my ſelfe, but the truth is, I can by no meanes endure this bad man to die for it: and therefore deſire you to take me home to you againe.

Sen. What is the matter?

Mul. He makes me a ſtale and a laughing ſtocke to all the world.

Sen. Who doth?

Mul. This good husband here, to whom you married me.

Sen. See, ſee, how oft haue I warned you of falling out with your husband?

Mul. I cannot auoid it, if he doth ſo fowly abuſe me.

Sen. I alwaies told ye, you muſt beare with him, ye muſt let him alone, ye muſt not watch him, nor dog him, nor meddle with his courſes in any ſort.

Mulier. Hee haunts naughtie harlottes vnder my noſe.

Sen. Hee is the wiſer, becauſe hee cannot bee quiet at home.

Mulier. There hee feaſtes and bancquets, and ſpendes and ſpoiles.

Sen. Wold ye haue your husband ſerue ye as your drudge? Ye will not let him make merry, nor entertaine his friendes at home.

Mul. Father will ye take his part in theſe abuſes, and forſake me?

Sen. Not ſo daughter, but if I ſee cauſe, I wil as well tel him of his dutie.

Men. I vvould I vvere gone from this prating father and daughter.

Sen. Hitherto I ſee not but hee keepes ye vvell, ye vvant nothing,

nothing,apparrell,mony, ſeruants, meate,drinke,all thinges neceſſarie: I feare there is fault in you.

Mul. But he filcheth away my apparrell and my iewels,to giue to his Trulles.

Sen. If he doth ſo, tis verie ill done, if not, you doo ill to ſay ſo.

Mul. You may beleeue me father, for there you may ſee my cloake which now he hath fetcht home againe, and my chaine which he ſtole from me.

Sen. Now will *I* goe talke with him to knowe the truth. Tell me *Menechmus*, how is it, that I heare ſuch diſorder in your life? Why are ye ſo ſad man? wherein hath your wife offended you?

Men. Old man(what to call ye *I* know not)by high *Iobe*, and by all the Gods *I* ſweare vnto you,whatſoeuer this woman here accuſeth mee to haue ſtolne from her, it is vtterly falſe and vntrue, and if I euer ſet foote within her doores, *I* wiſhe the greateſt miſerie in the worlde to light vppon me.

Sen. Why fond man,art thou mad to deny that thou euer ſetſt foote within thine owne houſe where thou dwelleſt?

Men. Do *I* dwell in that houſe?

Sen. Doeſt thou denie it?

Men. I do.

Sen. Harke yee daughter, are ye remooued out of your houſe?

Mul. Father, he vſeth you as he doth me, this life I haue with him.

Sen. *Menechmus*, I pray leaue this fondneſſe, ye ieſt too peruerſly with your friends.

Men. Good old father, what I pray haue you to do with me? or why ſhould this woman thus trouble me,with whom I haue no dealings in the world?

Mul. Father,marke I pray how his eies ſparkle,they rowle in his head, his colour goes and comes, he lookes wildly. See,ſee.

Men.

Men. What? they say now I am mad, the best way for me is to faine my selfe mad indeed, so I shall be rid of them.

Mul. Looke how he stares about, now he gapes.

Sen. Come away daughter, come from him.

* *Men. Bachus, Appollo, Phœbus,* do ye call mee to come hunt in the woods with you, I see, I heare, I come, I flie, but I cannot get out of these fields. Here is an old mastiffe bitch stands barking at mee, and by her standes an old goate that beares false witnesse against many a poore man.

Sen. Out vpon him Bedlam foole.

Men. Harke, *Appollo* commaunds me that *I* should rende out hir eyes with a burning lampe.

Mul. O father, he threatens to pull out mine eyes.

Men. Good gods, these folke say I am mad, and doubtlesse they are mad themselues.

Sen. Daughter.

Mul. Here father, what shall we do?

Sen. What if I fetch my folkes hither, and haue him carried in before he do any harme.

Men. How now? they will carry mee in if I looke not to my selfe: I were best to skare them better yet. Doest thou bid me *Phebus*, to teare this dog in peeces with my nayles? If I laie hold on him, I will do thy commandment.

Sen. Get thee into thy house daughter, away quickly.

Men. She is gone: yea *Appollo* I will sacrifice this olde beast vnto thee: and if thou commandest mee, I will cut his throate with that dagger that hangs at his girdle.

Sen. Come not neare me sirra.

Men. Yea I will quarter him, and pull all the bones out of his flesh, then will I barrell vp his bowels.

Sen. Sure I am sore afraid he will do some hurt.

Men. Many things thou commandest me *Appollo*, wouldst thou haue me harnesse vp these wilde horses, and then clime vp into the Chariot, & so ouer-ride this old stincking toothlesse Lyon. So now I am in the Chariot, and I haue hold on the raines, here is my whip, hait, come ye wilde Iades, make a

hideous

hideous noyse with your stamping: hait I say, will ye not go?

Sen. What? doth he threaten me with his horses?

Men. Harke, now *Appollo* bids mee ride ouer him that that stands there, and kill him. How now? who pulles mee downe from my Chariot by the haires of my head, Oh shall I not fulfill *Appolloes* commandment?

Sen. See, see, what a sharpe disease this is, and how well he was euen now. I will fetch a Phisitian straight, before hee grow too farre into this rage.

Exit.

Men. Are they both gone now? Ile then hie me away to my ship, tis time to be gone from hence.

Exit.

Enter *Senex*, and *Medicus*.

Sen. My loines ake with sitting, and [illegible] with looking, while I staie for yonder laizie Phisitian: see now [illegible] the creeping drawlatch comes.

Med. What disease hath hee said you? Is it a letarge or a lunacie, or melancholie, or dropsie?

Sen. Wherfore I pray do I bring you, but that you shuld tell me what it is? and cure him of it.

Med. Fie, make no question of that, Ile cure him I warrant ye. Oh here he comes, stais, let vs marke what he doth.

Enter *Menechmus* the Citizen.

Men. Neuer in my life had I more ouerthwart fortune in one day, and all by the villanie of this false knaue the Parasite, my *Vlisses* that workes such mischiefs against mee his king. But let me liue no longer, but ile be reuengde vppon the life of him: his life? nay tis my life, for hee liues by my meate and drinke, Ile vtterly withdraw the slaues life from him. And *Erotium* shee sheweth plainly what she is: who because I require the cloake again to carrie to my wife, saith I gaue it her, and flatly falles out with me. How vnfortunate am I?

Sen. Do ye heare him?

Med. He complaines of his fortune.

Sen. Go to him.

Med. *Menechmus*, how do ye man? why keepe you not your cloake ouer your arme? It is verie hurtfull to your disease. Keepe ye warme I pray.

Men. Why hang thy selfe, what carest thou.

Med. Sir can you smell anie thing?

Men. I smell a prating dolt of thee.

Med. Oh I will haue your head throughly purged. Pray tell me *Menechmus*, what vse you to drinke? white wine or claret?

Men. What the diuell carest thou?

Sen. Looke, his fit now begins.

Men. Why doest not as well aske mee whether *I* eate bread, or cheese, or [illegible], or porredge, or birdes, but beare feathers, or fishes [illegible] haue finnes.

Sen. See [illegible] talke he falleth into.

Med. Tarry, I will aske him further.

Menechmus, tell me, be not your eyes heauie and dull sometimes?

Men. What doest thinke I am an Owle?

Med. Doo not your guttes gripe ye, and croake in your belly?

Men. When I am hungrie they do, else not.

Med. He speakes not like a mad man in that. Sleepe ye soundly all night?

Men. When I haue paid my debts I do. The mischiefe light on thee, with all thy friuolous questions.

Med. Oh now he rageth vpon those words, take heed.

Sen. Oh this is nothing to the rage he was in euen now. He called his wife bitch, and all to nought.

Men. Did *I*?

Sen. Thou didst, mad fellow, and threatenedst to ryde ouer me here with a Chariot and horses, and to kill mee, and teare me in peeces. This thou didst, *I* know what I say.

Men. *I* say, thou stolest *Iupiters* Crowne from his head,

and

and thou wert whipt through the Towne for it, and that thou haſt kild thy father, and beaten thy mother. Doo ye thinke I am ſo mad that I cannot deuiſe as notable lyes of you, as you do of me?

Sen. Maiſter Doctor, pray heartily make ſpeede to cure him, ſee ye not how mad he waxeth?

Med. Ile tell ye, hee ſhall be brought ouer to my houſe, and there will I cure him.

Sen. Is that beſt?

Med. What elſe, there I can order him as I liſt.

Sen. Well, it ſhall be ſo.

Med. Oh ſir, *I* will make yee take neeſing powder this twentie dayes.

Men. Ile beate yee firſt with a baſtanado, this thirtie dayes.

Med. Fetch men to carry him to my houſe.

Sen. How many will ſerue the turne?

Medicus. Being no madder then hee is now, foure will ſerue.

Sen. Ile fetch them, ſtaie you with him maiſter Doctor.

Med. No by my faith, Ile goe home to make readie all things needfull. Let your men bring him hither.

Sen. I go.

Exeunt.

Men. Are they both gone? Good Gods what meaneth this? Theſe men ſay I am mad, who without doubt are mad themſelues. I ſtirre not, I fight not, *I* am not ſicke. I ſpeake to them, I know them. Well what were I now beſt to do? I would goe home, but my wife ſhuttes me foorth a doores. *Erotium* is as farre out with me too. Euen here *I* will reſt me till the euening, I hope by that time, they will take pittie on me.

Enter *Meſſenio* the Trauellers ſeruant.

* The proofe of a good ſeruant, is to regard his maiſters buſineſſe as well in his abſence, as in his preſence: and I thinke him a verie foole that is not carefull as well for his

ribbes and shoulders, as for his belly and throate. When I think vpon the rewards of a sluggard, I am euer pricked with a carefull regard of my backe and shoulders: for in truth I haue no fancie to these blows, as many a one hath: methinks it is no pleasure to a man to be basted with a ropes end two or three houres togither. I haue prouided yonder in the Towne, for all our marriners, and safely bestowed all my masters Trunkes and fardels: and am now comming to see if he be yet got forth of this daungerous gulfe, where I feare me is ouer plunged, pray God he be not ouerwhelmed and and past helpe ere I come.

Enter *Senex*, with foure Lorarij, porters.

Before Gods and men, *I* charge and commaund you sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you: if yee loue the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me vp my sonne in lawe, laie all hands vpon him, why stand ye still? what do ye doubt? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words. Take him vp and bring him to the Phisitions house: I will go thither before.

Exit.

Men. What newes? how now masters? what will ye do with me? why do ye thus beset me? whither carrie ye mee? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, Citizens.

Mess. O *Iupiter*, what do I see? my maister abused by a companie of varlets.

Men. Is there no good man will helpe me?

Mess. Helpe ye maister? yes the villaines shall haue my life before they shall thus wrong ye. Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled. Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the necke there. I'le clout these peasants, out ye rogue, let go ye varlet.

Men. I haue hold of this villaines eie.

Mess. Pull it out, and let the place appeare in his head. Away ye cutthroat theeues, ye murtherers.

Lo. Omnes. O, O, ay, ay, crie pittifullie.

Mess. Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs. Will ye

be

be gone? Thou raskall behind there, ile giue thee somewhat more, take that. It was time to come maister, you had bene in good case if I had not bene heere now, I tolde you what would come of it.

Men. Now as the gods loue me, my good friend I thank thee: thou hast done that for me which I shall neuer be able to requite.

Messe. I'le tell ye how sir, giue me my freedome.

Men. Should I giue it thee?

Messe. Seeing you cannot requite my good turne.

Men. Thou art deceiued man.

Messe. Wherein?

Men. On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister, I had neuer yet anie seruant would do so much for me.

Mess. Why then bid me be free: will you?

Men. Yea surelie, be free, for my part.

Mess. O sweetly spoken, thanks my good maister.

Seruus alius. *Messenio,* we are all glad of your good fortune.

Mess. O maister, ile call ye maister still, I praie vse me in anie seruice as ye did before, ile dwell with you still, & when ye go home, ile wait vpon you.

Men. Nay, nay, it shall not need.

Mess. Ile goe straight to the Inne and deliuer vp my accounts, and all your stuffe: your purse is lockt vp safely sealed in the casket, as you gaue it mee. I will goe fetch it to you.

Men. Do, fetch it.

Messe. I will.

Men. I was neuer thus perplext. Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores. This fellow saith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome: he will fetch my purse and monie: well if he bring it, I will receiue it, and set him free, I would he would so go his way. My old father in lawe, and the Doctor saie I am mad, who euer sawe such straunge demeanors? well though *Erotium* be neuer so

angrie, yet once againe ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife.

Exit.

Enter *Menechmus* the Traueller, and *Messenio.*

Men. Impudent knaue, wilt thou say that I euer saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

Messe. Ye make me starke mad: I tooke ye away and reskued ye from foure great bigboand villaines, that were carrying ye away euen heere in this place. Heere they had ye vp, you cried, Helpe, helpe, I came running to you, you and I togither beate them away by maine force. Then for thy good turne and faithfull seruice, ye gaue mee my freedome: I tolde ye I would go fetch your Casket, now in the mean time you ranne some other way to get before me, and so you denie it all againe.

Men. I gaue thee thy freedome?

Mess. You did.

Men. When I giue thee thy freedome, Ile be a bondman my selfe: go thy wayes.

Mess. Whewe, marry I thanke ye for nothing.

Enter *Menechmus* the Citizen.

Forsworne Queanes, sweare till your hearts ake, and your eyes fall out, ye shall neuer make me beleeue that I carried hence either cloake or chaine.

Mess. O heauens, maister what do I see?

Men. Tra. What?

Mess. Your ghoast.

Men. Tra. What ghoast?

Mess. Your Image, as like you as can be possible.

Men. Tra. Surely not much vnlike me as I thinke.

Men. Cit. O my good friend and helper, well met: thanks for thy late good helpe.

Mess. Sir, may I craue to know your name?

Men. Cit.

Men. Cit. I were too blame if I ſhould not tell thee anie thing, my name is *Menechmus.*

Men. Tra. Nay my friend, that is my name.

Men. Cit. I am of *Syracuſis* in *Sicilia.*

Men. Tra. So am I.

Meſſ. Are you a *Syracuſan*?

Men. Cit. I am.

Meſſ. O, ho, I know ye: this is my maiſter, I thought hee there, had bene my maiſter, and was proffering my ſeruice to him, pray pardon me ſir, if *I* ſaid any thing *I* ſhould not.

Men. Tra. Why doating patch, didſt thou not come with me this morning from the ſhip?

Meſſe. My faith he ſaies true, this is my maiſter, you may go looke ye a man: God ſaue ye maiſter: you ſir farewell. This is *Menechmus.*

Men. Cit. I ſay that I am *Menechmus.*

Meſſe. What a ieſt is this? Are you *Menechmus*?

Men. Cit. Euen *Menechmus* the ſonne of *Moſchus.*

Men. Tra. My fathers ſonne?

Men. Cit. Friend, *I* go about neither to take your father nor your country from you.

Meſſ. O immortall Gods, let it fall out as I hope, and for my life theſe are the two Twinnes, all things agree ſo iump togither. I will ſpeake to my maiſter. *Menechmus*?

Both. What wilt thou?

Meſſ. *I* call ye not both, but which of you came with me from the ſhip?

Men. Cit. Not I.

Men. Tra. *I* did.

Meſſ. Then *I* call you. Come hither.

Men. Tra. Whats the matter?

Meſſ. This ſame is either ſome notable couſening Iugler, or elſe it is your brother whom we ſeeke. *I* neuer ſawe one man ſo like an other, water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker then he is to you.

Men. Tra. Indeed I thinke thou ſaieſt true. Finde it

that

claime be is my brother, and I here promise thee thy freedom.

Messe. Well, let me about it. Heare ye sir, you say your name is *Menechmus*?

Men. Cit. I do.

Mess. So is this mans. You are of *Syracusa*?

Men. Cit. True.

Messe. So is he. *Moschus* was your father?

Men. Cit. He was.

Mess. So was he his. What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins?

Men. Cit. I would thinke it happie newes.

Mess. Nay staie maisters both, I meane to haue the honor of this exploit. Answere me: your name is *Menechmus*?

Men. Cit. Yea.

Mess. And yours?

Men. Tra. And mine.

Mess. You are of *Syracusa*?

Men. Cit. I am.

Men. Tra. And I.

Mess. Well, this goeth right thus farre. What is the farthest thing that you remember there?

Men. Cit. How I went with my father to *Tarentum*, to a great mart, and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

Men. Tra. O *Iupiter*!

Mess. Peace, what exclaiming is this? How old were ye then?

Men. Cit. About seuen yeare old, for euen then I shedde teeth, and since that time, I neuer heard of anie of my kindred.

Mess. Had ye neuer a brother?

Men. Cit. Yes, as I remember, I heard them say, we were two twinnes.

Men. Tra. O Fortune!

Mess. Tush, can ye not be quiet? Were ye both of one name?

Men. Cit. Nay (as I think) they cald my brother, *Sosicles*.

Men.

Men. Tra. It is he, what need farther proofe?
O Brother, Brother, let me embrace thee.

Men. Cit. Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad, but how is it, that ye are called *Menechmus*?

Men. Tra. When it was tolde vs that you and our father were both dead, our Graundfire (in memorie of my fathers name) chaungde mine to *Menechmus*.

Men. Cit. Tis verie like he would do so indeed. But let me aske ye one question more, what was our mothers name?

Men. Tra. Tbeusimarcbe.

Men. Cit. Brother, the most welcome man to mee, that the world holdeth.

Men. Tra. I ioy, and ten thousand ioyes the more, hauing taken so long trauaile and huge paines to seeke you.

Mess. See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was, that the Gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he.

Men. Cit. True it is, I willed a dinner to be prouided for me heere this morning, and I also brought hither closely a cloake of my wiues, and gaue it to this woman.

Men. Tra. Is not this the same, Brother?

Men. Cit. How came you by this?

Men. Tra. This woman met me, had me in to dinner, entertained me most kindly, and gaue me this cloake, and this Chaine.

Men. Cit. Indeed she tooke ye for mee: and I beleeue I haue bene as straungely handled by occasion of your comming.

Messe. You shall haue time inough to laugh at all these matters hereafter. Do ye remember maister, what ye promised me?

Men. Cit. Brother *I* will intreate you to performe your promise to *Messenio*, he is worthie of it.

Men. Tra. *I* am content.

Mess. Io Tryumphe.

Men. Tra. Brother, will ye now go with me to *Syracusis*?

Men. Cit. So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in *Epidamnum*, I will go with you.

Men. Tra. Thanks my good Brother.

Men. Cit. *Messenio*, plaie thou the Crier for me, and make a proclamation.

Mess. A fit office. Come on. O yes.
What day shall your sale be?

Men. Cit. This day sennight.

Mess. All men, women and children, in *Epidamnum*, or elsewhere, that will repaire to *Menechmus* house this day sennight, shall there finde all maner of things to sell: seruaunts, houshold stuffe, house, ground, and all: so they bring readie money.
Will ye sell your wife too sir?

Men. Cit. Yea, but I thinke no bodie will bid money for her.

Mess. Thus Gentlemen we take our leaues, and if we haue pleasde, we require a *Plaudite*.

FINIS.